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ARTS

№ 8

ALTERATIVES

AGGRO ART

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Skateboard
Graphics**

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KITSCH**
Mitch
O'Connell

**David
Sandlin's
SINLAND**

**ANDRETHE
GIANT
HAS A
ROSSE**

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THE KINGS

Watch O'SConnell's Slip Art Iconograph.

WOLF IN A BUNNY SUIT

Lance LaRuff's Devious Art

TIMES SQUARE STORIES

Gu. Bengales. Remembers. Life. On. The. Seals.

SUCK IT DOWN, CHUCKS & LOOK INSIDE

Chances Fine In His Own Words

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Stuff That Ain't Fit Anywhere Else:

100% ORGANIC DESSERT

an Million Vantage of Michael Su

POSTER BOY FOR THE ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT

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OF CORRUPTED REVENUE

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The Phenomenology of a Practical Job

NATURAL INSANITY

The World Of Perseus Lindall

ALL AROUND THE UNDERGROUND

BONGHI

RIDING ROAD RASH

the Aggro Art Of Skateboard Graphics



LINE KING

Mitch O'Connell's Clip Art Iconography

by Art Rat



Mitch O'Connell creates a world where kitsch meets kink. Doc-eyed Keene kids 'n critters stare

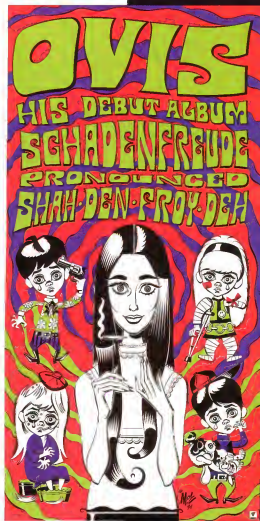
blackly out from scenes of depravity, and debauchery. Curvy ladies, drawn with ultimate salaciousness, entice over-stimulated business

men with the promise of danger and desire. Traditional tattoo imagery adds an element of trailer trash vogue. A well-sprung of line art from the 1950's to the 1970's rounds out the style, creating a juxtaposition of symbols that are both instantly familiar and confounding in their context.



In this clip art iconography, the meaning of each individual element is recognizable, but when they're all thrown together in an O'Connell montage, they become skewed, absurd and slightly unsettling.

O'Connell is the king of line drawing. He conveys mountains of information through his nuanced illustrative style. There are no accidents here, each dot and dash is glorious, perfect-work so clean you could eat out of it! In his precision, O'Connell's commercial art illustrations could be



Lance Lauri's Devious Art

United-Go



but ended up being a cartoon major. I was doing pen and ink drawings with watercolor washes over it. When I look back it was pretty, few were losing. When I left OVA and started putting my portfolio together, I was like a Gar, Dexter pigman. I was very much influenced by him. I love the stuff he did on Ralph Bickers. so my portfolio looked a lot like him, angular and raw looking cartoons. I didn't start painting till 1988.

From not painting before, what went through your
muggin' to suddenly decide to drop the pen and pick up a
paintbrush?

I decided I didn't want to work to look like an, more, like my cartoons did. I wanted a more three dimensional looking illustration. So I went from pastel to tempera which then became acrylic. I didn't know much about this; and I work fairly quickly. I'm quite impatient, so I couldn't wait, like, three days for my paintings to dry to start working again.

If you're not patient with oils and work it too much before it dries, things just end up getting all maddy-looking. With your work it's obvious has key three-dimensionality is. Your work makes me want to touch it.

The real problem with acrylic is that it's hard to do layers. It's hard to get a mist, drag, haze-like

effect. I try and

The thing about artwork is that it's a process that's always developing. What were you doing for the four years after you left SVA in 1982 and picked up the brush in 1986?

I was getting a portfolio together on cartoon style illustrations; then once I started painting I gave up on anything else.

Did you immediately start getting

My first published piece for the music industry was a catalog for Ralph Records. They also made some T-shirts from my work. But my first ever published start was for Sirew Magazine, which is notorious for making breakthroughs for art students. Given 'em a chance to make a little money, and a little bit of recognition. I did about eight covers for them. But that's where I still was doing caricatures.

What's your process for doing paintings?

Usual, I start with a thumbnail sketch, I usual,

8 am was an art test a kid named arto, peeling away
the wrapper... I am arto! arto, 7-0P art, Paged
art, Sunshine art, .39 cents art, .15 cents art,
National art, Bomb-art, Max art, Labeled
art, New art, Lolar art...sawed-out art, 20 art,
art, Box art, Few art, See art, Fire sale art, Last
art...Trunks art, 2000 art, Last-Frame art...

This is an excerpt from a piece written in 1961, by artist Claes Oldenburg, celebrating the art represented in every day objects marvellously unnoticed. An artist's power is his ability, to change perceptions, his work is his tool. He is successful when he can reach the non-artist.

James Leslie, an illustrator, has been producing mind-boggling paintings for the last ten years. The haunting images are complemented by seductive strokes of luminous color that intrigue the viewer, as well as disturb and amaze.

In the world today, where most art is catered to the elitist and yellow uppercrust artistic milieu, work like Lance Smith's has the ability to bring art to the people. Using images that even the can identify, with, Lance speaks our language. The Iron, in his work is that he

presented these familiar images in ways that most don't or couldn't want to acknowledge them.

Like Clara Oldenburg, Lance announced, changes your perspective. What one would consider art before you even knew what his art was like is like a devious wolf in a cute lamb, Bunn, said. He's hesitant to give up his cover or what his work is "about", but I realized it's what the viewer decipheres from the work that matters to Lance. For politics, no moral agenda just demystified sexual-illusions that make his art since 1960s "good."

I recently talked to Lauer while he was working at his day job at a '50's and '60's nostalgia store. We talked like, we talked art, we talked hot dogs.

Do you grow up in Long Island?

Yeah, but I don't know if
you want to stress that.

Schelling¹

I went to the School of Visual Arts from '80 to '82, when I went to NYU. I really didn't know what I was doing. I originally wanted to do illustration



TIMES SQUARE STORIES

Guy Gonzales Remembers Life On The Deuce



The death blow to the city, of New York is the current reorganization of Times Square. As black after black is unveiled by big businesses with an eye toward the tourist trade, the flavor of this legendary section disappears like a pack of Marlboros left on the dashboard too long. While other NYC neighborhoods were slow, waxes in their architectural and mercantile identity, brownstones and storefronts raised to meet race for strip malls and tacky food joints, we could take heart in the fact that the hypnotic lure of illicit sex, illegal drugs and sexual abandon would make Times Square bullet proof to real estate gangsters. Unfortunately, there's not enough awl in the world to protect a prime piece of Manhattan concrete from developers. Like, you had a large place at the site, and a few weeks ago the last triple A video paler closed.

An area made up of several blocks on 42nd Street and the surrounding side streets, Times Square was the leona of cinema. From to everything that was lurid, lawless and under-banded in our culture; the Central illuminated by brilliant neon signs that promoted

Serial Serial Serial all these all the time 42nd Street was a haven for the lost and the lapsed, the place your mother always warned you about.

Guy Gonzales preserves the glorious immovability that was 42nd Street in his cartoon work. He has a thousand stories, touching and horrifying, culled from his years as a player in that brightly lit underworld.

Growing up a New York City street kid, the son of two artists, Gonzales attended the High School of Art & Design, where his father taught. He studied illustration, but devotion to the craft was not enough to keep his Communist-clad feet from wandering to the wild side of life. The Jew's need closed Guy's young mind, and soon he was cutting classes to hang out on the scene all the young days, preferred to 42nd Street, and spend his days in the gritty, turn-of-the-century theaters that had become cowboys, decrepit movie houses.

In these dark palaces, during double and triple bills, Gonzales tell an awe for the first time. The way the beautiful black queer at the silver screen, Cleopatra Jones, Gaily, and Pap. Street all rolled into one time package, as Pam Grier, and she symbolized everything that was sexy, strong and street-wise about Times Square for Gonzales. Looking back, and fantasizing about his original gangster goddess, Guy was content, until, during his senior year in high school, "fortune threw a fatal banana peel to Guy, Gonzales."

by Jason-Chris Hill



path.

"I rather wanted me to apply, Cooper Union after graduation, so I had issued exclusively, on getting into that school, but as fate would have it, I was rejected."

With no college prospects, Gonzales believed that he was dealt the weaker hand in a rigged game. "I felt pretty bad, but I think my father felt worse than me. He had told me Cooper Union the only school worth considering, and like an idiot I had all my eggs in one basket and then I was rejected. So I had a falling out with my father and that's pretty much where I started hanging out in the streets full time."

"He quickly learned to scramble for cash, first working as a bookie's toothpick salesman at rock concerts. "It was a great way to make money, quickly, illegally. I would have 6 dozen shirts in a duvet bag on my back and when people would come out of Madison Square Garden I would sell them all really fast and then I'd have a list full of dollars—I felt like a real man," Gonzales.

"I also started to do ticket scalping, because it was part of the same racket, making some; not so big risk and roll groups. At the same time, I met someone who turned me on to a new way of prostituting, streetwise sales. I enjoyed doing that, it was hustling too," Gonzales.

Streetwise sales are illegal in New York City,

and, ridiculous as it may seem, acquiring these obligatory consumables meant a surreptitious trip to Chinatown, walking up and down the narrow streets, waiting to be approached by a black market bottle racket dealer.

"We would target our customers on the street and once we had secured a sale, we'd take them into a building and show them the stuff. There the main guy who organized this racket went to jail and that was the end of it—once you driving a truck with about 7000 pounds of fireworks through the 'Yellow Tunnel' and they pinched his there." Gonzales had fallen into the Galt of the "Hustle, low-level racketeering. In exchange for a last look, he was steep, losing his soul to the streets.

"By 1963, I was very much disillusioned with life in general. I had no security, nothing. I was spiraling down. I had complete disregard for my family and I was embracing the underworld. I had been writing

Pam Grier symbolized everything that was sexy, strong and street-wise about Times Square.



"So I started at the very bottom of the peep show industry hierarchy. I was required to mop up after customers after they did their business."

advantages to mopping up," says Gonzalez with a chuckle.

"There's always the customer who gets over excited. He's viewing evidence and he doesn't want them to stop, so he has to keep inserting tokens. Occasionally, those tokens will drop to the floor. Multiply that times 50 booths to work—would find all kinds of money. Who would think there would be benefits to mopping some up all the floor? That was my main motivation in doing a good job mopping the booths, finding tokens and silver dollars!"

Gonzalez' street smarts served him well in this place where anonymity is everything. He quickly learned how to shake down customers.

"There were ladies' booths, each of which had a live girl—or something that resembled a girl—behind a glass. They cost a dollar

a minute. Sometimes I would barge in on a customer while he was, uh, satisfying his senses, with one of the girls and I would tell him his time was up. I would barge in with my mop while some poor executive was in there with his pants down. He's really in no position to refuse giving me a tip—I'd be decent, I'm just going to open the door wider and everyone will see how ridiculous he looks.

"Now, the cashiers, they liked to get high. They needed me to work the desk so they could take a break and do whatever their drug of choice was. Behind the desk was the perfect situation to rob people during money transactions. You have a group of people all lighting to get to your booth because they want to go talk to a naked lady. You're yelling out the pitch, live sex shows, transvestites, love teams, all the while you're making change. It's very easy for someone to get short-changed because they're so anxious to get in, do their thing, and get out. Short-changing people sure beat looking for change in your pockets."

not want guys get a few years and I was pretty much sold on making money in a very fast fashion."

Gonzalez haunted the streets of his beloved Times Square, seeking solace in its garish obscenity. The Deuce was familiar, source-strangled from his family and friends, it was now his home. He decided to get a gig working in one of the many sex palaces in the area.

"I had always been fascinated by peep shows—I loved all the color, the neon signs—and I hadn't had a girlfriend for a couple of years, so I thought there was a possibility I could walk out with a girlfriend. I thought it was that simple: I have to admit that was one of the reasons I wanted to work in a place like that. I thought I could get hooked up.

"So I started at the very bottom of the peep show industry hierarchy. I was required to mop up after customers after they did their business. Some might consider that the lowest job imaginable, but it depends on what your self-esteem is, because there are

Gonzales was no longer drawing, and his plans for further education or a profession in art faded with each passing day. "The line" had sucked him in.

"I felt like I was undercover, doing field research, only it lasted a few more years than I expected and instead of taking notes, I pretty much absorbed the lifestyle," he says sarcastically.

The abuse ended him. He was no longer an outsider appreciating the burlesque from a detached, aesthetic perspective—he was part of the action.

"I noticed there were a lot of other young people that were extremely fucked up, just like me. They were the same age as me, 23, but they were making their money doing live sex shows. A lot of them were actual couples, they were in love. They came from all different walks of life, all different nationalities and they had the same appetite for drugs the cashiers did—everybody in the place did, actually."

To the guy with the mug, this seemed like a great gig. "These live sex performers had a real good deal because they'd go onstage for 20 minutes and do their job, then they had a 40 minute break to hang out in the dressing room and read comic books and smoke pot. There was this very popular show girl and I guess I nipped her booth real good, because she approached me about being her partner in a love team. I'm no fool, I jumped at the chance. I mean, I was getting extremely frustrated working there, I 'knew'."

In the ironic idiom of Times Square, a "love team" is a live sex act. Each audience member is in a private booth and all the booths face a stage. When you insert money, a shutter rises and you're able to see the action on the stage through a glass window.

"It's virtually everything you can imagine for 25 cents," explains Guy. "Of course, that 25 cents was, lasts for 30 seconds. I was thrilled by the prospect that she was my first girlfriend in the place and she was the number one 'booth babe'. To me, that meant not only big money but I could get alot of practice at having sex, which I hadn't had in a while."

Guy Gonzales had scored every young man's dream job, getting paid for being laid.

"The first time we went out there, I felt I was in the Twilight Zone. You could see clearly the customers' faces and you should never look at the customers faces because it's such a distraction, especially if you don't have a lot of sexual confidence. But I guess I had a big accumulation of lust because I pulled out my first show strap."

"I ended up falling in love with my partner, which was something I didn't plan on," he says with a sigh. "Then the other side of the coin came up—I began sniffing cocaine and I discovered that was like rocket fuel for my partner, for all the girls. So both of our checks were going up the nose. But since everyone else was pretty much in the same boat, it never occurred to me that I was fucking up! I figured if I could somehow make it to the stage—even if I hadn't slept all night—and I could still get it up, then I was succeeding."

Guy became a popular live sex performer, doing anywhere from 6 to 12 shows a day. Unfortunately, his years of street hustling did not open his eyes to the reality of situations: he was a drug addict humping a dozen times a day to make enough cash for an eight-ball, and he was being used by a woman who was incapable of returning his love.

"To be honest with you, there's virtually no emotion at all in these women. That business has nothing to do with personal feelings or any definition of love. It's about lust and exploitation and basic survival. It's my own stupidity that I fell for this

Gonzales had scored every young man's dream job, getting paid for being laid.



Leante continued from page 3

do 3 or 4 sketches of different ideas. But then I have to whittle it down to one place and put all the ideas in. I'll use reference for paper and hands to make it look more realistic. I'll do a straight-forward line drawing and, with an overhead projector, I'll project it on to the canvas.

Where do these images come from. They're like a child's nightmare.

Usually nightmares aren't that interesting. I try to come up with something that would be an interesting nightmare or very stark looking. Usually nightmares are pretty bland.

In your work you bring together issues that represent Americans, images from an American childhood normally considered safe and secure, you turn them around in your paintings and make them something to be feared, i.e. nursery rhymes, barbecues, ice cream...

I love bad, painted food. Like a hot dog truck with a faded and scratched hot dog being held by a poorly painted hand. I love those things. When I was younger there were those model kits by a company called arena. They were monster models of ...rains and Frankenstein. The man who illustrated those boxes was an artist named James Tama. He was a big influence. They were very realistic, scary, moody paintings of monsters. He also did those Joe Savage paperback covers in the sixties.

Any other influences?

I really like Magritte, George Tooker, El Greco, Goya, Bell and Phil Williams. I collect thirties stage art, most specifically portraits. They are really sunny.

Is your work in based more on an aesthetic personal code of seeing particular objects and symbols together, rather than delivering some sort of underlying message.

Yeah, my work is for my own amusement really. I don't build a story around my art. But if people read into it, that's OK.

I think that's why your work is so enjoyable to look at, because you can construct your own stories.

I do it for myself, and what anyone else gets out of it, that's up to them. I'm not trying to argue an opinion.

A lot of art today seems to do that...

I don't like things that are just surface level. Like when you see an image of a dog with his head cut off...there's nowhere you can go with it.

When looking at the work you did for the band King Missile I couldn't help making the connection to a source of much of your influence, amusement parks. The keyboard stand, etc., serves like a carousel. Mobile entertainment. Like a carnival on the road, the band and it's equipment comes into town, sets up, entertains, dismantles, then on to the next town. Now that you're doing work that falls into the realm of what were once your influences, such as record albums, underground magazine covers, on-the-road art, how does it feel to know you're possibly influencing some other young genius somewhere in VanNuys America?

I haven't looked at it that way, but I'd be flattered. What's in the future?

I'd like to do more illustration work on CDs for bands.

You like to work in the music business?

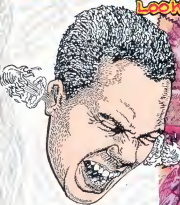
When you work with an art director they try to change your style to complement their work. They usually don't know what they want but they know what they don't want. When you do work with a band, they've picked you specifically for the reason that they like your work and you can do whatever you want. So the more the project the better.

Get in contact with Lance through ART Alternatives.



ARTIST C. W. INCE

STRIKES A POSE,
SUCK IN THOSE CHEEKS AND
LOOK INTENSE THERE BUDDY!



Cross Of The Praying Angel



Painted: GARY BOLANDER

THANKS FOR TAKING THE TIME TO VIEW MY
"HIGHLY EVOLVED PRIMITIVE, GONZO QUASI-
RELIGIOUS PSYCHO SEXUAL, ACCIDENTALLY
POLITICALLY RELEVANT" BRAND OF
ARTWORK. VERY SOON, WITH IN DAYS, YOU'LL BEGIN TO
SEE THE IMAGES CONTAINED IN MY PAINTINGS.
THEY'LL START TO BOUNCE JOYFULLY AROUND IN YER HEAD, INTER-
FERING WITH DAILY, MUNDANE TASKS, THEN THEY'LL START TO
INVADY YOUR DREAMS... THAT'S WHEN THE ~~REAL~~ ~~SCENARIO~~
BEGINS! THE ONLY WAY TO EXORCISE THESE FRISKY DEMONS IS
TO TRANSFER THE CURSE BY TELLING YOUR BEST FRIEND TO
~~THEY'LL START TO BOUNCE JOYFULLY AROUND IN YER HEAD, INTER-~~ A NASTY BETRAYAL TA' BE SURE,
BUT Y'GOT TO THINK OF YOUR OWN SKIN IN SUCH A DESPERATE
SITUATION. ME? DON'T BLAME ME! I'M JUST THE HAND THAT
COMMITTS THESE DISTURBING SCENARIOS TO CANVAS, I HAVE NO
IDEA WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

INCLUDE ME IN YER PRAYERS,

ART? 17

OF ANY ALIEN.

DESIGN 6:
RANGE FINDER
Range Finder
on the front.
Caption reads:
THE XENON
COATED SHIP
DETECTORS AT
LEFT WILL FLASH
RED WHEN THIS
SHIRT IS WITHIN
ONE MILE OF ANY
ALIEN SPACESHIP.

SCHWA CREDIT CARD

SCHWA DEFENSE SYSTEMS
CREDIT BUREAU

WOLF FOREVER

NO LIES

MEMBER S: 606/RNO/NV8513



Schwa SOHtick

What is Schwa? Well, the dictionary might have its own definition, but what Schwa has become is an art and marketing concept by Nevada artist Bill Barker. Barker got his start as a graphic designer and a commercial artist, who used to show in galleries around the Southwest. His shows were assemblages that satirized the commercial art and product logos he designed for a living. The Schwa graphic package (book, newsletters, stickers, key chains, T-shirts, clip art, etc.) is his crowning achievement.

In 1992, Barker read an article called "The Secret Government", which suggests that the world has been controlled by an alien race since the 1940's. Says Barker, "I thought what a sad and disappointing universe this would be if that were true, if that was all it boiled down to. And somehow that article summed up the

confusing and basically unknowable world we definitely do live in."

Don't get the wrong idea. Despite the alien paranoia theme running through Barker's work, there is a cosmic, tongue-in-cheek sense of humor. From the Schwa key-chain that lets you "view the

"Xenon coated" T-shirts that flash red in the presence of aliens, to Schwa's credit card which you can repeatedly return to Barker for more free gifts, the concept is smart, funny and a little unsettling. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Schwa, Box 6064, Reno, NV 89513.—B.B.



QUESTION
AUTHORITY

SCHWA

Bullet & Bored

YES I WILL

The Creative Will, a juried, biennial exhibition program for professional artists with MS, sponsored by the National Multiple Sclerosis Society, is now accepting entries for 1997-1998. The program was founded in 1983 to educate the public about the ability of those with the disease to adapt and succeed. The deadline is November 30th, 1996.

For the entry rules, form or further information, write or call Andrea Furey, The Creative Will, National Multiple Sclerosis Society, 733 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017-3288 tel. 212-476-0442 e-mail. furey@nms.org.

MS Simulator (for the feet) by Karen De Wit

ALL ABOUT EVE

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M.S. Simulator
for the feet



not for the faint of heart

Bullet & Bored

SEX & PSYCHOANALYSIS

Two remarkable new books from Heck Editions, a division of the always amazing Gates Of Heck. The first is entitled "**Matrarchy: Freedom in Bondage**", an illustrated, semi-autobiographical novel of bondage, cross-dressing and ritualized eroticism which was composed in secret, over the course of 60 years, by eremitic artist **Malcolm McKesson**.

"**Matrarchy**" is the story of a submissive young man held captive by a wealthy, dominant matron who teaches him to "curb his manly nature" and "realize his ideal femininity". The text is written in the rich, descriptive voice of a true fetishist (although this term seems a little too glib for McKesson's complex psycho-sexuality) and illustrated with moody, ponderous line drawings. In 1951, McKesson withdrew from public (and a great deal of private) life to devote himself to his art and his marriage. Over the next 30 years, he explains, "the strength and wisdom of the female" was revealed to him. Upon his wife's death in 1990, he began illustrating his secret manuscript. It's a fascinating, epic work of erotica which represents nothing less than the 86 year old artist's life-long journey towards self-awareness.

"**Original Sin: The Artistic Pathology of Joe Coleman**" is a project Coleman developed in conjunction with his shrink, Freudian onelyst Martin Wilner. Using information uncovered during the artist's psychoanalysis, the doctor attempts to "decode" his aesthetic iconography and provide the reader with a deeper understanding of Coleman's perspective. Twenty one of the twenty eight paintings in the book have numbers next to each of the different elements within the piece. Those numbers correspond to a key on the side that explains the structure and content of each element—if you thought you enjoyed Coleman's work before, wait and see how much you love it once you find out what it means!

Both books are in stores this fall. For more information, you can contact Gates Of Heck, phone/fax: (804) 266-9422, e-mail: heck@inf.net, URL: <http://www.inf.net/~heck> —JCM



SHARE YOUR ARTISTIC VISION

(but keep those hallucinations to yourself)

Art? Alternatives is dedicated to showcasing the work of artists known and unknown, exploring diverse mediums of expression and continuously revising the perimeters of art.

Freelance submissions are welcome but return postage must be included if you want your stuff returned. No responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials.

We encourage *everyone* to submit slides, photos, xeroxes, manuscripts, etc. (FOR GOD'S SAKE, NO ORIGINALS!!) for consideration. Each piece should be identified by title—and what medium you're working in, the dimensions and year if it's relevant. A bio and/or artistic statement are appreciated. Please bear in mind that we need to keep submissions on file for several months—so don't send anything you can't live without.

SEND TO: *Art? Alternatives*, Submissions, 5 Marine View Plaza Suite 207, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

ART?

ALTERNATIVES

100% ORGANIC ECSTASY

The Million Tentacles of Michael Dubisch



by Amy Becker

hat has infinite proportions, a million tentacles, and can blast creatures into and out of existence in the blink of an eye?

No it's not a baneful brood of man-eating octopus! I was actually, thinking more along the lines of Michael Dubisch's imagination.

Where some of us feel pretty comfortable with reality, the way it is, others like Michael are constantly imagining new and more fantastic places to be.

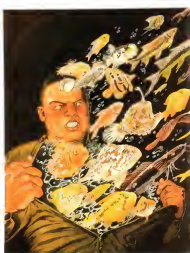
Michael Dubisch grew up in a quasi-intellectual environment, both his parents being professors. He was exposed to many different schools of thought and surrounded by science magazines as a tot. In perusing the family bookshelves, he unearthed books that forever feed his fantastic imagination and interest in comics. There were paperback reprints



of DC comics, Richard Corbin's *Neverwhere*, The Art of Frank Frazetta, and The Best of Big Oil Press to name a few. Michael bypassed the typical superhero comics for the *Heavy Metal* genre, which his parents would often have to purchase for him because of his age. He also eagerly devoured any horror and science fiction he could get his mitts on, especially, anything by H.P. Lovecraft and Olive Rarier. Such sources profoundly influenced and permeated Michael's artwork.

At the age of 16, he landed a job as an assistant to comic book colorist, Tom Vincent, which he still has today. This association led to a present position as a finisher and apprentice for a project called *Stor-teller* by Barry Windsor-Smith, who is widely regarded as one of the greatest living fantasy artists.

In his senior year of high school, Dubisch won a full scholarship to the School of Visual Arts in



New York City, from which he ultimately graduated with honors. During his years at CFA, he went through a period of "goat-whole-test political consciousness." A friend and he were the two founding members of CFA FOWNA, a marijuana legalization group. At the time, it was one of the larger-known chapters in New York City with a high membership (no pun intended). Because of his strong beliefs and involvement in the movement, he did volunteer work for *High Times* magazine. He started out drawing borders for "The Hemp 100," which turned into a list of doing almost all of the magazine's cartoons for about two years, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

Even though he is not an activist anymore, he still believes in legalization—for the record! He states, "I wouldn't encourage anyone to indulge in marijuana or other drug use; but I think for some people, it is an important part of their life and creative process. If we can wake up to the uses of hemp, it can have a profoundly positive effect in helping us stop damaging the Earth's environment. It almost sounds trite at this point because people have been crying down for so long, but I think it's a serious problem. If we don't wake up to these concerns, we might lose some of the beauty that's left in the world."

Michael sincerely believes what he preaches, and tries to live his life in such a way, to maintain his health in mind, body, and spirit. He's a vegetarian and an avid animal lover. For him, it's all part of living a full life and doing a complete

body of work. Sometimes his art is an expression of his darker thoughts and feelings presented so others can drink it in. He describes himself as a "horrid kind of guy" who thinks a lot about death. "I find the whole concept very disturbing: the death of people, the death of a species or animals, the possible death of our planet. However, I think I've considered the possibility of death that's even rather reaching than that, the death of the universe and the end of reality. I'm an insomniac, sometimes late at night these things seem possible!"

Michael's biggest and most exciting project, a graphic novel for Kitchen Sink Press entitled *Weirding*, wrestles with these dragons. It is about a woman who is given the power over life and death. She can summon creatures that suck the souls out of millions of people. It's about how she chooses to use that power. The main character, Anna Lindreita is a reflection of himself and his fears, so is people want to look at his work as sort of a warning, that's like with him.

Stylistically, Michael considers his work very organic and naturalistic. He often, "Hopefully as I draw a hand well, it really looks





as it there's bones underneath it and skin pulled over them, etc... That's probably the core of doing good fantasy or surreal art, just a real knowledge of organic and natural forms. The more you do it, the more it will rub off on how you draw figures, even if you're drawing from your head. You just really have to think of it as an organic creature, drawing monsters, any kind of alien creatures, anything other-worldly. It has to trigger something visually. It has to look like it's grown organically or alive, at least at some point! I'm obviously obsessed with tentacles, antennae, and things like that these things that look like I toggled them together from parts of fish, insects, arachnids, crustaceans, and all these textures I use."

He's hoping that working with Barry Windsor-Smith will help put the polish on his work and move him to a higher level. For him, comics are a jumping point, a place to learn where you can do some excellent work. Ultimately, Dubisch would like to join the ranks of surrealist painters such as Paul

Cadmus, Moebius, George Tooker, Jack Torso, and M.E. Seliger.

"To do paintings completely from internalized imagery, with a high standard of quality and just creating this one single image that transports you to another world is amazing. We're not telling an entire story, like with a comic. We're not talking about sequential art, but one single image that says it all. I think it's the best and I hope that I can develop the type of following where I can subsist on doing that type of imagery because that's just pure joy."

Is Michael Dubisch ever stranded on a desert island with art supplies, and knew no one would ever see what he was doing, he would still pick up that paintbrush and paint away. He's hoping that there are enough other people like him that can enjoy his style, because he's going to do it anyway, it's a compulsion. He likes to envision younger kids like him out there, who will be inspired by his work. He'd also like to reach out to science-fiction fans, who generally speaking are not the general comic book audience. He states, "The people I'd like to reach are not necessarily comic book readers, but people of all ages who enjoy science fiction, fantasy, and horror. Being this Barry Windsor-Smith work, I'll be doing more superhero-oriented and mainstream work, but it's all

part of

learning and getting a, name out there so people know who I am and can start looking for my work elsewhere." Even if he was the last sci-fi fan on earth, he'd still be producing this stuff for himself because that's what it's all about, his 100% organic ecstasy!

Since Michael Dubisch is currently on a mission to seek out and explore new civilizations, direct any correspondence in care of ART? alternatives. If you'd like to sink your tentacles into the *Flesh Crawlers* series, please contact Elitosh Snake Press, Inc., 320 Riverside Drive, Northampton, MA 01060, 1-800-367-GINK (7465).



ART?

Poster Boy For The Anti-Establishment



AB: So you have a specific audience that you're trying to reach?

ES: It's sort of for a younger crowd that's into the real deal with America. Kids always seem to have their fingers on some kind of cool thing that's going on. But there are also kids carrying guns in America today. If people can make positive changes instead of contributing to that bullshit, it's a good place to start.

AB: Does that go for your paintings as well? I noticed a lot of the negative gun and drug imagery.

ES: Yeah. It's mostly centered towards the younger people because they're the future. It's sort of propaganda-ish, but as a positive way, like using negative stuff to prove a positive point.

AB: Would you say that although there's a serious side to your work, you're also kind of poking fun?

ES: Some of it is so heavy, that if you don't laugh at it, you'll get really pissed off, but there's always that underlying theme of trying to help.

AB: How do people generally react to your work?

ES: I get mixed versions from people. If they don't understand it, they get turned off.

Each of the t-shirts and paintings has a story behind it. If you tell people the stories, they think it's cool. Before that they just see it as negative imagery and call me a gun freak. So I try to explain. If people are interested, that's the main thing.

AB: What about the '40's and '50's iconography? Is that something that interests you, the ads and stuff?

ES: Yeah, that's a big thing. All those guys with the art they did on, back then. The everything is either photos or computer art. Back then they used a painting for just about everything. Like for a new refrigerator, some guy sat



Ken Sigafoos
Capricorn

by Amy Becker
Photos by Adam Wallace/Avage

down and did a big painting of it for the ad. I feel it's kind of like recycling art. Those guys are sort of how I learned how to paint, looking at their stuff, and just seeing how they did it. I was into ads before actual artists; because ads are the things you grow up with. You see them everywhere. It's different from "real" art, art gallery art.

AB: How old are you? I'm asking because I'm curious about what era's ads you grew up on.

ES: I turned 29 last Christmas.

AB: Your birthday's a Christmas? Mine's Christmas Eve!

ES: Well I was actually born on sort of the dividing line. So we kind of have the same birthday.

AB: So no wonder I like your stuff so much.

ES: It's that Capricorn thing.

AB: You know what they say about people born

on Christmas day? They say you can see spirits.

ES: Is that right?

AB: Yeah. Can you see spirits?

ES: Yeah I don't know. Can you?

AB: No, but I missed it by one day. If only my mom held out for one more day or sat in labor for a couple of more hours!

ES: That's weird. I never heard of that!

AB: I read it in some book of superstitions and household myths, and stuff.

ES: That's cool.

AB: Where did you get the idea for your "Hell" t-shirt and sticker design?

ES: Just living in America, pretty much. They're the down-side or living here. There's a lot of good things but there's a lot of things that can be better. So it's sort of a patriotic thing, not so much patriotic. Many people see "Hell" and think, "Oh my God!"

AB: How about a little background. What are your interests?

ES: I guess I'm like the poster boy for the anti-establishment, it's my main theme. Everything I'm doing is kind of overly patriotic, but at the same time it's really negative.



Continued on page 48

WELCOME TO SINLAND

The Multi-Media Work of David Sandlin

DAK EPP 6005



*Welcome To Sinland.
Expulsion From Pae'O'Dice
(Burning Ring Of Fire), 48" x 96"*

by Sherry Apantol

April 19, 1995 - government building is bombed in Oklahoma and over 150 people died alleged, at the hands of two members of the Michigan militia, a group of right-wing extremists. A pair of men take Judgment Day into their own hands and decide who will be damned and who will be saved.

David Sandlin's work attempts to understand the Puritanical underpinnings of American culture, and its effect on the attitudes and behavior of America's working class through his paintings, prints, drawings, and installations. Today, he weaves, also help us to understand the violence that recently erupted in the Heartland.

Sandlin shows us how the extremes of moralizing together with extreme repression distorts perceptions of righteousness. He engages a myriad of media in order to try to understand the culture in which he found himself transplanted at a very impressionable age, that of Hanceville, Alabama, population 700.

Sandlin was born and raised in a Protestant neighborhood in Belfast, Northern Ireland, until the age of fifteen, when his family moved to Alabama. This peculiar change of venue and the drastically different environment in which he suddenly landed has had a lasting impact on his interests and artistic pursuits. Sandlin has had the fortune, or one might say fate, of living in communities where extreme cultural differences exist. His work issues "high" and "low" culture

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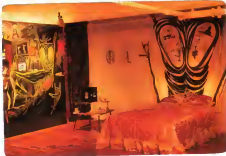
Sandlin sits among the swirl



pg. 30-33

Clockwise from top left:

1. Sinocchio, 24" x 15" (Lightbox)
2. Sandlin installation at the Lake Gallery, Toronto, 1993
3. 7 Sins Of Sin, 24" x 24" (Lightbox)
4. So White & 7 Sinner Deserves, 24" x 15"
5. Time To Sin / Time To Save, 24" x 24" (Lightbox)
6. Waltz Across Texas With You In My Arms, 60" x 96"



In addition to sometimes antithetical Christian beliefs and aesthetics. Says Sandlin, "In some Protestant relatives in Belfast say my work, I could be lynched. They would say, 'what are you doing putting the Virgin Mary in a painting?' It would be considered Protestant sacrilege. However, there's something I've long found fascinating about Catholic visual norms, how basic the imagery is. It's got a certain strength. Of course, I also get stuff from fundamentalist Protestant tracts that I find in the suburbs."

As a kid growing up in Belfast, Sandlin was already being exposed to Southern culture. "My dad was from Alabama; my mom and dad met during WWII. Even when I was a kid in Ireland, my dad was listening to country music, so that was always a kind of influence on me." In 1974, Sandlin's family left Belfast, because of what was essentially a civil war. There his family was Protestant, but both his sisters married

Catholics. "We were very much in the middle of it," Sandlin often brings to light similarities between disparate groups. "In Ireland, it's so ridiculous, the Church of Ireland, in which I was raised, it's so close to being Catholic. And really, the working class of both sides had a lot in common, but politicians used economic fear and competition to pit them against each other."

Sandlin remembers, "Belfast was a decent-sized cosmopolitan city. Then I moved to a tiny rural county in Baptist Alabama. Talk about culture shock. In Alabama people seemed to be really friendly, but underneath they were really uptight. One of my uncles was a Baptist preacher. My auntie and uncles were all living in the deep country. All their names rhymed: Oliver Lee, Larry Lee and Robert Lee, and Selma Marie."

"In my work I try to deal with Protestant guilt. In Alabama, that's where I really ran



into this Baptist thing of either you're saved or you're a lost sinner. You know, one extreme or the other. One glass of beer and you're damned for eternity. But at the same time, you can be born again, as long as you're willing to go along with certain usually, right-wing bigoted ideas. And at first I thought that was a real disservice with Ireland, and then I thought, "No, there's this huge guilt-ridden streak that runs from Northern Ireland right down to Alabama." Alabama, interestingly, enough, was settled mostly by the Northern Irish and Scotch Irish.

On a deeper level, Sandlin's focus on fundamentalist religion and beliefs tries to examine the contradictions of certain aspects of American culture; for instance our fascination with power, beauty, fame, and fortune. "There is this

peritential streak that clings to the underbellies of American freedom. On the one hand," says Sandlin, "there is the classic American credo saying 'You can have anything you want, everything is within reach.' And on the other hand, there is a guilty voice saying, 'But you have to pay.' It is capitalism that says to go for it; you can have anything and that is backed up by modern advertising and commercialism. But America has also got your basic born-again idea, which is Christianity. Like if you take these uneven steps of success, if you read this self-help book, you can always become someone new. You can forget the past and avoid things. You know, I figure America does that and lives with a constantly re-manufactured image and therefore escapes reality."

The moralising tales, ubiquitous throughout Sandlin's images, are quite clear and straightforward warnings: "Sinners Beware!" The scenes in Sandlin's work generally take place at night, the time when one might drink, or indulge in

POZZANI



Satan Sheets, *The Struggle For First Spouse's Soul In A Motel Room*, 7' x 14', 1989 by David Sandlin



OF MORPHEUS' REALM

Work By
Stephen
Kasner

The people I like to paint are "my people," whoever they may be, wherever they may exist, the people through whom dignity of life is manifest, that is, who are in some way expressing themselves naturally along the lines nature intended for them.

—Robert Henri



Photo of Stephen Kasner by Karen Novak



'Dreamscape III, 48" x 48"

Slow-waking from a dream, pushing out of Morpheus' realm into the conscious world. Self-realization and self-discovery, recognizing and remembering, then moving ahead. What initially seems horrific is, upon closer inspection, just another element of the human condition. Then, the darkness and you debate the light.

Like one of his influences, Cuban School painter Robert Henri, Stephen Kasner struggles to delete all semblance of artifice and sentimentality from his work. But whereas Henri's work exposed the harshness of urban life in the early part of the cen-

tury, Kasner's explored the bleakness of internal life as this century draws to a close.

Universal themes of mortality, isolation, and fear permeate the canvases. Dream-state entities emerge from the shadows, gradually coming into focus like recovered memories. They seem to represent bitter truths, the kind reached only after considerable soul-searching. The, leave you not better, just changed. Yes, the truth will set you free, but at what cost?

Stephen Kasner can be contacted by writing 6502 Westlawn Avenue, Parma, OH 44129 or through Jara's Art Parlour, 1405 North Main Street, Santa Ana, CA 92701.



pg 36-39

Clockwise from top left

1

Dreamscape II, 48" x 48"

2

Sleep And The Sleeper,
41" x 29"

3.

Torso I, 30" x 40"

4.

Torso II, 30" x 40"





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Pondering. With Tool And Chair, 30"x 22"

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backlash against all the skaters and their little cliques, so our clique would be the Andre Pousse who

and it was a pretty catchy thing, so I started actually

giant



ÔBEY

mannequin/extrafourches
threehundredtwentyfourpounds



Q: How did you apply stickers that would land in the man?

A: I did this stunt where I covered up a billboard of this guy running for mayor here. I covered up his face with a giant Andre face [points].

Q: This was happening while Andre was still alive?

A: Yeah, I was in art school at Rhode Island School of Design. The only reason I did the billboard was because it was something fun to do, make fun of a politician and make people wonder even more what we deal with all the stickers was.

I chased such a conviction that I realized it doesn't really take all that much to make people wonder what's going on. I saw everything you see in Philadelphia downtown, a real chaotic situation, yet it gets people talking, which is really what I want to do.

After the stickers, I made some strange signs and graffiti and I think I have some crazy ideas all these stickers for time.

Q: So did Andre ever get wind of all this?

A: No, he didn't. I've never been contacted by him or connected with Andre. I have gotten letters from his fans who were upset that I made something conceptual out of someone they considered a true athlete [laughing]. My objective wasn't to hurt wrestling fans. It was really to show how to do with Andre except that he was a pop culture reference. It's something that's blown around for a while. People and you don't really hate it. Yeah, yeah, I remember Andre. It was my friend wrestling.



I compared his face so much from the original photo, yet you still see it as Andre. Now a crucial thing that I do is, in a lot of instances, I'll reinterpret his face, height or weight, and I branch out from there and do whatever I want. I do whoever I feel like making a parody of or whatever pop culture stuff I'm into at the moment.

Q: So who else have you done?

A: I did Andre as Jimi

Hendrix, Andre's face in the helmet of astronaut Neil Armstrong. It says "One small step for mankind" with the name "Giant" at the bottom. All this stuff are images that people

usually have a positive association with—like this reflective thing, bringing Andre into something that's already familiar, and elevating Andre to more of an icon than he already is. It makes some people mad, which is not a bad thing. That's the whole idea, to get the opposite reaction than you expected.

Q: How many cities have you covered?

A: Well, with posters, I've done a whole lot in New York, Providence, Philadelphia, Boston. I hit all those places with stencils too.

Q: Have you ever been busted?

A: Yeah, a couple times. I just got busted in Philadelphia and had to spend some days in jail. I got busted in Long Beach, California. Also here in Providence I've been to jail a few times, which sucks.

Q: So you print all your stuff there at Alternates Graphics where you work?

A: Yeah, I have a studio here. I do t-shirts,

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stickers, posters, all sorts of stuff. I printed stickers for Sonic Youth yesterday.

SP: I used to be in Sonic Youth.

SP: Really, no way?

SP: A long time ago.

SP: That's crazy, I've done stuff for Boss Hog and lots of different bands.

SP: That's funny, I used to be in Pussy Galore also.

SP: No way! Jon Spencer (Pussy Galore, Blues Explosion, Boss Hog) is one of my favorite groups.

SP: He's a good friend. I was just hanging with him the other night.

SP: He is? That's awesome! Yeah, Russell Simins (drummer from Blues Explosion, Yoko Ono) wears my shirts a lot. I've done posters for the Unseen, Hammerhead and other Anrep bands. I want to break into doing what Kosik does, but also pursuing the Andre stuff further.

I'm making skateboards with Andre images. I have a skateboard ramp in my studio. That's my background, skateboarding and punk rock, whatever. I'm doing all this stuff for myself except for the skateboards and embroidery which I farm out.

SP: Embroidery?

SP: Yeah, I've got like golf shirts with Andre like the Fred Perry logo.

SP: So it's really turning into a pretty good business?

SP: Yeah, it is, and the bigger it gets, the more absurd it is, which really makes me laugh. It's such a stupid thing! There's so much stuff in society that's as ridiculous but not quite as overt, like the way that McDonald's or Coke promotes these products as part of your lifestyle by advertising and repetition. Regularity, that's what I'm trying to do on a more subversive underground level with Andre. It participates in that process while making fun of it. It appeals to more thinking types in general, but sometimes people just jump on the bandwagon. "Oh yeah, it's cool cause my friends have it." It reflects the nature of trends in general, which I find lame but funny.

SP: It's great that you started on the streets and now you're branching out sort of like Jean Michel Basquiat and Keith Haring.

SP: I've had shows, I've been in a group show at the Holly Solomon Gallery in NY and also at the Alleged Gallery I had a video premier party and a show in June at a place called 407.

SP: It's pretty amazing, I noticed Andre's image around town, but after I was asked to interview you, I was strolling around Manhattan and couldn't believe how it was everywhere I looked.

SP: There's so much peripheral visual noise, especially in New York, that it doesn't really move the day along like ads that you see in on a day to day basis. You ignore it but once you see it, it pops up everywhere. A lot of people say that.

That happened to me with Revs and Cost (NYC public art pranksters who plaster the city their respective tags-SL.). One morning I noticed it and was like, "Oh my God, it's on every crosswalk in the whole city!" It had the same effect on me that I hope Andre will have on other people. That they start another dialogue unto itself. All the different things that come to

mind are an interesting reflection of their personality as well as their perception to culture. It's like a Rorschach test in a way because it doesn't really mean anything, but there is a lot of value in thinking about what things mean. Society is definitely set up so that select people have to think how things will run, select businesses and government and everyone in general has to worry about the need to relax—there's something really wrong with.

I don't know, I guess I just like to be obnoxious.

SP: How old are you?

SP: 25. I'm reading this Johnny Rotten book right now. It's cracking me up! It's so awesome.

SP: Can you believe the Sex Pistols are back together after all the shit he said about the original bass player in that book?

SP: Yeah, I know, I can't believe that. That's really ironic.

The Andre campaign is not a profit-seeking venture, however Fairly must cover his production costs. If you'd like to splatter your town with Andre's mug, the regular Andre sticker, funky background, clear face and \$10 GIANT stickers are available for permits each. Shepard also creates some exceedingly phat Andre t-shirts, decks, hats, etc.—check out the Andre catalog for the full line. To receive a catalog, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Shepard Fairly, 5671 Palmer Way, Suite E, Corvallis, WA 97330, (419) 929-7565.

Helen Stickler's award-winning video of the Andre phenomenon can be order by sending her a \$15 check or money order (postpaid) to: PO Box 21606, Providence, RI 02903-0394.

ANDRE FACTS: ANDRE "The Giant" ROUSIMOFF Born: 5.19.46 Death: 1.27.93 (cause: Heart Attack)

Occupation: Professional wrestler, actor

Years in Sport: 26

Times Held: World Wrestling Federation

(WWF) Heavyweight title (def. Hulk Hogan on February 5, 1988 or as Andre put it in his interviews "On February 5th I got, Ahm a gohnnn a squeeze an ahm a gohnnn sweet Ogan, An I nevah gohnnn stop. Nevah...")

WWF Tag Team Titles: With King Haku (def. Demolition)

Known or labeled as "The King of Battle Royale", "The Eighth Wonder of the World" and simply as "The Giant".

Andre's two most noted roles as an actor were the original Bigfoot on the TV show "The Six Million Dollar Man" and "The Princess Bride".

Although Andre is listed at 7'-4", 520 pounds his true height was probably between 6'-8" or 6'-9" and closer to 600 pounds at the time of his death.

Famous Feuds: Killer Kowalski, Stevie Golden (Hulk Hogan), "Big Cat" Ernie Ladd, Killer Khan, "Superstar" Billy Graham, Big John Studd and the Ultimate Warrior to name but a few.

The "Giant" (Paul Wight) currently wrestling for World Championship Wrestling is not the son of Andre.

I have to be the guy that draws pimps, show girls, Mafia hit men.

Gonzales continued from page 13

girl. She was using me and at the time I didn't realize it—my lust for her became love and I didn't know enough to separate them. Eventually, our relationship disintegrated and I had to look for another partner.

"It got even worse. There was another girl I fell in love with and she had complete control over me: mind, body and soul. At the same time,

blowing down. That completely initiated my removal from that aspect of the business.

Thoroughly crushed by years of all kinds of abuse, Gonzales says, "I had no desire to do anything. I felt like I'd had open-heart surgery. These girls develop a stranglehold on your personality, and they become just as addictive as any drug, you cannot live with them or without them. It's even more severe because of the nature of the business. You're up there on a platform with them, performing, and sex has virtually no meaning whatsoever. It has no feeling, pure emptiness. If you're stupid enough to have feelings, it's devastating.

"I spent 11 years straight doing these things, in the last few years I did the best I could to get out. I realized I was very unhappy in my surroundings and I was interested in developing my skills as an artist. I was beginning to get back some feelings. I had misplaced many years before. I discovered that I really enjoyed drawing again, but naturally all my material had to do with these places, because for so long it was the only reference I had."

Gonzales had quite a back up of psychic residue from his years at the Times Square sex palace. Images of the scene began pouring out of him, each cartoon acting as a therapy session for his damaged soul. He began a series on his old career crush, Pan Grier.

"I still get a big kick out of Pan Grier, there's nothing like feeling like you're 14 again. There were no problems in my life then, everything was just perfect. It's a portion of my awareness I can tap into, those feelings, that laughter—that's the most beautiful thing."

It's a tribute to Guy Gonzales' perseverance and survival instinct that he is able to translate the gamut of experiences he had during his Times Square years into cartoons that are humorous and slightly tragic at the same time.

"I went to a seminar by art Spiegelman and he said, 'When one is an autobiographical artist, you know it deep in your heart, because it becomes your life long ambition to translate these experiences onto paper'. As much as I like super heroes—Fantastic Four, Superman—I could never be that kind of artist. I have to be the guy that draws pimps, show girls, Mafia hit men."

"It's really just coming to terms with oneself, finding oneself. And the best way I can come to terms with myself is to be honest. You've gotta be true to yourself because you only have yourself. Some people are out out to draw Spiderman, some people are out out to draw pimps." You can reach Guy Gonzales c/o V. Jaramilla, PO Box 199 Prince Street Station, New York, NY 10012.



she was turning tricks. Even when I was confronted with it, I wouldn't believe it. When I witnessed it for myself and it all came crum-

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Mo' 96



O'Connell
continued from
page 7

considered a parody of the form (except that his love for it is obvious). Instead, he achieves a humorous hieroglyphic language out of the hoaky relics of pop culture symbolism.

Good Taste Gone Bad is O'Connell's fun-filled, jam-packed, self-published book. It's loaded with enough cool stuff to send your cerebrum reeling for weeks. To order your very own SIGNED copy, send \$15 (postpaid) to: Good Taste Products, PO Box 267869, Chicago, IL 60626. Each copy comes with Elitch's personal guarantee: "If you drop **Good Taste Gone Bad** from the top of the Empire State Building, it will go right through a guy's head."



Mo' 96

ART?

That's the big thing. I'm torn between loving America and hating it. And I think maybe other people feel like that too, but there's not much you can do about it. So I try and do things that, not talk ~~xxx~~ the people, but stuff that they can think about and go, "Yeah, sometimes I feel like that." That's the underlying theme of all this stuff.

And the rest is kind of goofy, like I quit high school, didn't go to art school.

AB: So you just started painting on your own?

ES: In 1990. I just got back from California. I think in you have a girlfriend or boyfriend and you're with them and then you break up, that's a good time to make some things happen because it's a good motivator. So I just thought that was a good time to start painting. It sort of took care of itself after that. But, it's just something I'm doing now because I don't have a good job.

AB: You're selling yourself a little short there!

ES: I guess. But it's true. From what I hear, there's a lot of other people doing what I do around here, but I just never see them because they're in seclusion like I am. It's not even about art or money anymore. It's just about trying to get people to change their way of thinking, so it's something that's at least a little more productive than watching "Newsweek" every night, or working 9 to 5 for the government and all that stuff.

AB: So where do you hope that this will go?

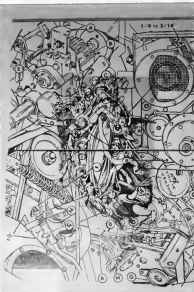
ES: (laughs) World domination! I want to be as big as Michael Jackson and Andy Warhol put together. And once I get to that point I can turn around and start talking the real shit to people.

AB: You're definitely a Capricorn. Is there anything else people should know about Ken Sigafoos, the artist any manifests?

ES: Revolution in all I can think of. I'm pretty basic. I'm not married. I smoke cigarettes.

Sig wants to thank his family for being supportive and tolerant; also thanks to his pal Tom Walter, (Pleasure & Pain Tattoos) for the inspirational ammunition.

For information about his paintings or to receive a catalog or really hip "Well" gear, please contact Ken Sigafoos at P.O. Box 376, Easton, Pa. 18044. If you like the "Well" stuff, you might also want to look into Waltemeyer's Sours Inc. for further t-shirt breachery (Sours Inc., 122 S. 3rd St., Easton, Pa. 18042).



NATURAL INSANITY

The World Of Terrance Lindall



he gothic graphics of Terrance Lindall have graced numerous magazine covers and illustrated many stories. Along with creating new work, Lindall is President of the Williamsburg Art & Historical Center in Brooklyn, New York. The Center hopes to coalesce Williamsburg's eclectic and international art scene, as well as preserved treasures from the past and explore technologies of the future. Bob Bert spoke with Lindall about this exciting endeavor, as well as his work and influences.

BB: I've been looking through your work and I notice quite a bit of religious images.

TL: Are they really religious?

BB: Well, there are lots of devils.
TL: Oh yeah.
BB: Here's Adam and Eve.
TL: Mythological.
BB: What's the deal there?
TL: Actually, I liked to draw and paint monsters. When I was a kid, I read those monster comic books, Tales From The Crypt, astounding Tales, things like that. Kids are always fascinated by monsters, turtles and snakes, things like that.

BB: Have you had any formal art training?

TL: None at all. My background is philosophy.

BB: So from there you've gone on to do a lot of work for 2nd generation underground comics like Heavy Metal.

TL: I was exhibiting my paintings at Soho galleries first and then magazines came down and expressed interest. Avon Books, I think came down and expressed interest. They never acquired any of my work but it occurred to the gallery owners that we should go around to publishers to see if there was any interest, and there was. I started with Warren magazines, who produce Creep/ and Berie and Vampirella. They were crazy about my work, so I did a number of



covers for them. I took my portfolio around to Heavy Metal, they loved it. Then after working in the magazine business for a couple of years, I eventually drifted out into other things.

BB: Who are some of your big influences?

TL: Hieronymus Bosch, Breidel and another one called William Groudmall.

BB: I haven't heard of him.

TL: He's the greatest German colorist or color expressionist from, I think, the 15th Century—very grotesque figures of Christ crucified on the cross with greenish flesh and thorns, very horrifying.

H.R. Giger, George Tooker, Salvador Dali, but to tell the truth, I like all art that's good. Abstract or whatever.

BB: Do you work mostly with oils?

TL: Yes almost 100% oils, I don't even do drawings. I'll have an idea in mind and, I'll just scrape on the paint where I think the image should be. Sometimes I just scrape on the oil paint and try to find the ideas in the mixture of paint. Leonardo da Vinci used to do that. He'd look at a wall





with stains on it and see the monsters that way.

EE: Have you ever experimented with any psychedelic drugs?

TL: Never. It's funny, people ask me that. I've never taken drugs in my life. Actually, I get my highs in my paintings. Natural insanity.

EE: You're opening an art gallery?

TL: Yes, after I got out of illustrating for magazines, I did some gallery and museum exhibits here in Brooklyn. I bought

some land uptown, an old 19th century Quaker meeting house which was abandoned, but it was important historic property and I developed that into a little museum and had very successful shows—everything from a 15th century gothic chapel to contemporary artists. The Quakers wanted it back after I fixed up the building so last year I gave it back to them.

A friend of mine, was buying one of New York's most famous landmarks in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, which is where all



the artists live. She's developing that into a new museum and I want to mention to your readers that one of the departments in the museum is an art club. For artists to be a member of the art club, we will provide a place for artists to meet with their peers and patrons. We will provide low cost or no cost group health insurance for artist members, which is something artists can't afford generally. We provide a yearly Juried art show which prominent members of the art world will come, hopefully! The show will be open to all artists, members or not, but members will be allowed one free entry. We'll provide seminars, lectures or other programs the club will decide since it is a democratic club.

Everything in the museum is limited to the criteria set by the Williamsburg Art Historical Center, which is the umbrella organization. The historical center itself has a permanent collection of what we call out art treasures from the 15th century to the 19th century. We will have a high-tech art center on one floor

which is for computer art and we will have a performance and dance theater on another floor. There is quite an exciting assortment of things going on there. People in the arts have been praying for something like this.

BB: What is this American Esoteric Society where I called you?

TL: We are one of the world's most important museums in its specialty, which is coin collecting. We have loans of our



coins at the Smithsonian Institution and the Metropolitan Museum. I believe we have the finest collection in the world outside of the British Museum. I'm an assistant treasurer here (laughing). How do you like that?

BB: Great.

Terrance Lindall may be contacted through Williamsburg Art & Historical Center (WAAHC), c/o Yuko Nii, 344 Grand Street, Brooklyn, NY 11211.



*The Floorshow Of Life's Dances
(Burning Ring Of Fire), 72" x 96"*

Sandlin continued from page 33

...the time of day when the flesh is weak. Other scenes take place in dark grottoes, flaming interiors, or reflected in a blue haze of TV light. The motel theme recurs again and again as a metaphor for "pay for play" but always with a sub-current of guilt.

Apart from his more traditional artwork, (i.e., paintings, prints, etc.) Sandlin produces supplementary novelty items for the visitors to his gallery exhibitions, including shot glasses depicting the seven deadly sins, Luv-Hotel hand towels, and silk-screened Board of Correction paddles for those who have been naughty. According to Sandlin, "These all started out as props for my installations. I wanted to make my motel room look as real as possible, even down to ashtrays and bath rugs. But instead of saying Nevada Inn or Motel 8, I printed on them allegorical place names and cryptic puns to make people think about things. If the motel room itself represents the American conception of sin, then I wanted every object in that room to reflect the same thing."

Sandlin spoils us by presenting his work with a physical and sometimes aural context. When I saw a photo of an installation Sandlin did, I was convinced the exhibition

was done in an actual motel room, when in fact it was totally fabricated within a gallery and subsequently became a window display for Barney's New York. The room was complete, from tacky paneled walls to a night stand holding the Gideon Bible.

Sandlin had even silk-screened images on the bed sheets and pillowcases. He also piped in taped country music to add to the ambience of the installation.

Quoting from classical literary, as well as visual traditions such as Dante, Hogarth and Bosch, as well as from comic books and other popular imagery, Sandlin modernizes age-old issues for a contemporary audience. Sandlin achieves a happy medium in which his ideas are accessible and interesting to both comic-book lovers and museum curators. In addition to showing throughout the United States, Sandlin's work has been exhibited in group and solo shows in Europe, Canada, and Australia. He also makes his work available to the general public through limited-edition silk-screen and offset litho books.

When asked if the work is autobiographical, because the artist and his wife, Joni Blackburn, are often protagonists or models, Sandlin says that he is engaging in play acting. Sandlin confesses, "I'm not guilt-

tortured. I just enjoy thinking about these things."

"I like the idea that art can be entertaining and satirical, not really critical, not propaganda: I am telling people only to think." Despite the rather serious issues that he explores, there is a humor that comes through in Sandlin's work. It's not about putting down people or being dogmatic, it's about saying, "Hey, I understand that, and I can identify with that." Or, as Sandlin would have it, "Hm, let me think about that."

David Sandlin lives and works in New York. He has been exhibiting nationally and internationally in galleries and museums since 1982. Sandlin's hypnotic book, "Burning Fire or Welcome to Island or Welcome to Fair O' Eyes" and all the other fine Sandlin products are available at better galleries world-wide. Here's a few places you can score your own sin-national Sandlin creation! La Luz De Jesus, Los Angeles, CA; Carl Hammer Gallery, Chicago, IL; Tess Cutler Gallery, New York, NY; Un Regard Moderne, Paris, France; Framework Gallery, Tokyo, Japan; Wall Gallery, Honolulu, Japan; Paper Heroes, St. Kilda, Vic., Australia.

Pit O' Pom, 16" x 39"





ALL AROUND

UNDERGROUND

BONGE

By JOHN COCHRAN

B

onge is a photographer, motorcycle and car customizer, actor, metal sculptor, bouncer, tattooist, archaeologist and world traveler. He's a member in good standing of both the Hell's Angels and the Screen Actors Guild. He's shown his work in New York galleries, published a book ("Tattoo'd With Attitude"), and is currently assembling a CD ROM which will contain approximately 2,000 of his photographs.

Bonge is an all-around, underground renaissance man.

The writer Christopher Heryny said, "There is only one smooch—to be able to spend your life in your own way." If that's the case, then Bonge is one very successful man, because he's been doing things his own way since he was a little tyke.

Inspired by the custom car and bike craze of the '60's, Bonge began what would be a life-long passion: rest, like anything on wheels.

"I never really liked any kind of sports. I liked to draw different kinds of cars. I had Big Daddy Vash model kits and I drew cars that looked like his. I saw old pictures of Hell's Angels on their choppers and I wanted to get that look for my bicycles, so I started by customizing the front ends. Then I started taking lawn mower engines, drilling the bike frames out and putting the motors on 'em. That was getting a little dangerous—no brakes, I know—on my father's small, bought me a mini-bike and I started doing stunts to that. When I was 16, I was able to get my first Harley—a 1943 trike, all in paint—and an 18th grade and I started building it at my school's metal shop."

Recently, Bonge attended his daughter's high school's 40th reunion. The thing all his old schoolmates wanted know was if he still has that Harley trike.

The answer is yes.

By his junior year in high school, Bonge was spending his free time at motorcycle repair shop owned by Lel Bernstein. With his industrial arts education, he was soon helping get pre-configuration stock bikes into one-way-kind stores.

"Back then you couldn't buy custom



Clockwise from top left: "Mortician From Hell", Bonge on the 1943 Harley Trike he built from parts, '57 Olds Rocket 88, built and painted by Bonge. Two photographs by Bonge



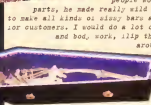
ART

ART 57



Clockwise from top left: Larra; Tattooed arms (left: Jack Rudy, right: Albert Sgambati); 36 Knucklehead frame with metal flames cut from 1/4" steel; Human skull plant hangers; Christmas tree made from welded Harley parts; H.R. Giger straddling the tracks of his Ghost Train, Zurich; Spider-web handle bars; Coffin coffee table with human skeleton; Cover for 'Tattoo'd With Attitude'.

parts—you couldn't go down to a bike shop and ask for this or that or order it out of catalog. Everything had to be made. I was one of the few real artists back then that were doing the wild, radical chopper stuff. Other people would just make to make all kinds of silly bars and front ends for customers. I would do a lot of the molding and bod, work, like the gas tanks around backwards, leave the gas outlet, raise the frame, that kind of thing. It was functional and but very, visual, too."



It was a natural progression for Bonge to take scrapped parts and weld them into big steel sculptures. Around this same time, he also became interested in tattoos. "Larra the Troll was a local artist and he used to tattoo. He got me my first set-up, Milton Teis machines, real interior crap—like, were probably 20 to 30 years old when I got 'em. I used a 12 volt transformer from a Lionel train set, hooked to the rheostat to run it."

After working bike shops and the tattoo studios for seven years, burn-out started to set in, and Bonge turned his interest towards photography.

"It just started when I was sending in pictures of the bikes I built to biker magazines. I don't know if it was because of the photos or the bikes, but they started printing my pictures. That got me a little enthused about it, seeing my name and my pictures in the magazine, so I started doing more photo work, going out and taking pictures at runs for biker magazines."

He decided to take studio photography courses at the School of Visual Arts, learning about large format cameras, studio lighting and portrait photography. While at SVA, Bonge met and became friends with photographer Annie Sprinkle and began assisting her on shoots for Hustler, Out and other skin mags. He also assisted underground photographer Eric Kroll on many different shoots.

"Eric even photographed children for a clothing catalog. They'd bring in 4-year-olds for a couple hours and then 8-year-olds for a couple hours and we'd shoot them with toys. He was photographing and I was doing the lighting, and he would look at me and say, 'So you really believe we're doing this?' A few days later we'd have some girl handcuffed to the radiator for a bondage shoot."

Bonge developed a love for portrait work, but preferred photographing his tattoo-wearing, bike-riding, night-clubbing friends. In the mid-



80's, with the birth of tattoo magazines, Bonge's work began gaining more and more exposure. He now travels the globe, shooting tattoo conventions. Last fall, his

ing his life in his own way, there is no greater satisfaction than that. "I try to live my life as fully as possible—I do a lot, I travel a lot and have friends all over the world. I'm not rich, but I'm rich in friends and that's what makes me happy. Between the tattoo family and my club life, I have a real full life, I know."



first compilation, "Tattoo'd with Attitude", was published. He's also the photographer for the annual Hells angels calendar, photographing members from chapters world-wide.

"I do environmental portraits, nothing in the studio. I use local landmarks for the background, to get some kinda feel for their environment. I've been doing that for about 4 years now, I guess when we get enough photos logged up we'll put it together in the form of a book." Edge Graphics is producing a CD-ROM on Bonge's tattoo photographs, a giant retrospective which will contain work from 1984 to the present. When asked what he'd like to do that he hasn't done yet, Bonge said he never really thought about it (well actually, he said "Hell, Bunge," then he said he never really thought about it... and why would he have to? He's spend-

"Tattoo'd With Attitude" is available at bookstores, or can be ordered directly from Bonge again, 353 N. 53rd Street, NYC 10022, (212) 308-9394 or 212-95 plus \$5.00 shipping & handling. To receive a catalog of Big Red Machine official support merchandise and collectibles (1997 calendar, t-shirts, etc.) visit their web-site at www.bigredmachine.com. You can also call or write: Big Red Machine, Cooper Station PO Box 757, New York, NY 10026, (212) 228-6500.



RETINA ROAD RASH

THE AGGRESSIVE ART OF SKATEBOARD GRAPHICS



by John Margulies

From its prehistoric beginnings in the late '50s, skateboarding has always carried a rebellious and aggressive label. As technology improved on the idea of flattened roller-skates nailed onto a 2x4, the introduction of the polyurethane wheel in 1974 literally took the sport to new heights. Skateboard culture erupted the youth of America. Skateboarding isn't just a hobby, it is a way of life which has spawned its own sub-culture. Skaters created a scene that developed its own style of music, language, and art. The art world embraced on the bottom of skate decks is an exact reflection of the lifestyle itself, wild, belligerent, gloriously obscen-

ing, in your face, balls-out fun.

"I'm Phillips: KING OF AGGRESSIVE ART"

A disembodied screaming blue hand soars through the air, a rotting zombie contemplates the nuclear annihilation of Earth, a hideous hailing cometary barbeque through a target painted on a wall. Don't skateboard enthusiasts probably could not tell you his name, but the horrific visions that he will seeped onto Santa Cruz Skateboards in the '80s are permanently etched into their nightmares. Is there in one person who is singularly responsible for giving skate culture a sense of visual identity, it could be California artist Jim Phillips. Phillips was one of the pioneers of skateboard graphic design and his



optional terror rides are ones so the skater ever to grind across a curb.

All art by Jim Phillips for Santa Cruz Skateboards. Since 1989, Jim & Jim Phillips: Rob Roskopp V. 1989, Screaming Hand, 1987, Jeff Grosso Pro Series, 1989. Various Phillips decks

optimal terror rides are ones so the skater ever to grind across a curb.

The marriage was born in 1944 and grew up in Santa Cruz, Ca. As a child, Jim's grandfather encouraged him to draw by taking turns drawing images in the same picture. Steve, artist Carl Hagan and Tex Avery, Cartoons were his early art interests. While growing up, when he wasn't surfing, Jim could voraciously read and had a "big dad," Bob's Not Rod magazine. His first cartoon was published in Surfer Illustrated magazine when he was 18 years old. Phillips then attended California College of Arts and Crafts on a scholarship. In the late '60s Jim began producing screen printed psychedelic posters for the area rock concert.



An old surfing buddy named Jay Shourman, who knew that Jim was a killer artist, approached him in 1974 about doing logo and advertising designs for a skateboard company he co-owned, Santa Cruz Skateboards. At this time, the only artwork on the boards were lettering logo graphics. The studio was already doing multi-color screen printed graphics and from his experience doing the rock posters, Jim felt

there was a huge potential. Unfortunately the brass didn't agree. In 1978 Chairman fell ill and sold his portion of the company, when Jay passed away in 1979 Phillips was deeply saddened that his good friend never was able to see the direction the artwork would take the company.

1978 was the year the first "Frog Boards" hit the market. These huge 10" wide models, introduced by Powell-Peralta and Dogtown Skate, featuring colorful and bizarre artwork screen printed onto the bottom began to sell like mad. In order for Santa Cruz to compete in this new market, the front office was forced to let Jim's imagination to run amok. Phillips admits that the over the top, outrageous graphics he created were in spite of conservative control from the front office.

As the '80's came gained momentum so did the popularity of the Hardcore Punk music. The Santa Cruz skateboard embraced the hard core of Hardcore music and a fertile breeding ground for extremely twisted artwork was born. Phillips spent hours in boardroom meetings trying to convince the suits that the wilder images would be hot sellers. Obviously, Phillips knew what he was talking about. "Sales were through the roof, gross-





Clockwise from deck at far left:
 David "Persue" Ross, *Pissed Rabbit* for Evil, 1994; Ed Templeton, *Monster Log* for Toy Machine, 1994; Jimbo Phillips, *Bart & Brans* for Santa Cruz, 1989. *Pushead* deck for Zorlac, 1988. Cort Johnson's *Tony Hawk Pro Model* for Powell/Perris, 1987. *Pushead's Craig Johnson Pro Model* for Zorlac, 1986 and Cort Johnson's *Ray Boner Rodriguez* for Powell/Perris, 1981 all from the collection of Bruce Martin, photographed by Wendy Wilhite. *Ned Blender's Arrow Head*, for Alien Workshop, 1994 and *Clown With Rocking Dog* for G&S, 1985. *Sticker* by Jim Phillips. *Dog Swank, Poo*, for Foundation, 1994; Ed Templeton, *Self Operation* for Toy Machine, 1994; Various decks by Jim Phillips. *Evolution* by Jimbo Phillips.



ing \$50,000,000 in a single year. The salesmen would return from trade shows and thank me for making their jobs so easy—largely due to the artwork." Many of the decks, t-shirts and decals sold quite well ("Screaming Hand" sold over 8 million decks in two years).

A conceptual series of graphics developed in 1986 for pro skater Rob Naulopp would become the top selling boards in the company's history. The edition consisted of eight different decks. Each deck's artwork is a progression showing a huge balding beast flattening his fist through a target painted on the wall. As the newer decks were released the viewer got to see more and more of the cyber creature as it smashes through the crumbling wall. The final deck of the series exposes the entire monster being attacked by miniature demolition-batter pandemonium. The series also included three smaller decks (Minis) which featured a haggard looking, screaming fiend who's face appears in several stages of rotting decay. "The pro skaters received \$1.00 royalty for each deck sold. I asked for \$5 per deck and was refused."

When the industry peaked in 1989, Phillips was finally allowed to hire a staff to help keep up with the hectic pace. The responsibility of being a manager actually took him away from his artwork. As sales began to decline in 1990, Santa Cruz Skateboards gave

Jim Phillips his walking papers and replaced him with two of the skaters he had trained. When asked how he felt about his famous image associated with the corporation or a skater rather than the artist he said, "It's tough to know that the company I spent 14 years with still sells my designs internationally. I'm obviously bitter about this but I would probably be dead from health related stress problems I suffered from working at that intense pace."

Jim Phillips has opened his own design studio drawing cartoons for *Cracked Magazine*, freelance graphic arts, and original oil paintings. He has also returned to producing his amazing and uniquely styled rock posters. Jim was recently appointed art director of the *Family Dog*, designing posters for concerts coming to the legendary San Francisco music venue. Although Jim no longer produces skate art, his legacy lives on. "Not long ago I was getting gas when a skater tried to Gilie (jump) his board over the pump island. He fell and landed my car so I asked him for his ID. The skater refused. I told him he did not know he was dealing with the creator of the "Screaming Hand" and held my hand like the logo. He looked at me in awe and handed over his ID. I then gave it back and told him that I just wanted some





entered into well-established art galleries. Aaron Foss's Alleged Gallery in NYC has had much success receiving huge turn outs for shows that exhibited the fine art paintings and deck designs created by pro skaters Ed Templeton and Mark Gonzales.

Skateboarding is a sport based around destruction. After a rider is "shredding" there is usually a good chance so is the deal. It's a simple fact, boards break. Seeing that modern have limited production runs of only 2 or 3 months and the abusive nature of the sport, very few pristine examples of vintage decks exist.

Skateboards particularly from the '70s and '80s are becoming highly collectible items. Bruce Martin has been collecting skateboards since 1990. Martin, a skateboard enthusiast, has over 1000 exhibit quality vintage decks, some dating back to the early '60s. With the help of some other collectors,

Bruce is in the process of

putting together the world's first skateboard museum, which will be dedicated to preserving the history of skateboarding.

Don't toss out those vintage sticks that are collecting dust, preserve history and donate those decks to a great cause. To buy, sell, or trade vintage skateboard related items contact Bruce Martin, c/o Art Alternatives, 5 Marine View Plaza #207, Babylon, NY 07050.

In the past all the graphics were screen printed directly onto the decks. Although bright colored, incredibly detailed images he produced they never lasted too long. Since the very nature of the sport basically destroys the deck the artwork was usually completely unrecognizable after a few hard fall slides. The development of "Everlast" decks has forever changed what can be reproduced onto skateboards. Using a process known as "sublimation", photographic, painted, or computer generated images are transferred onto paper, applied to the deck, then laminated with a layer of clear plastic.

From the beginning, Skate Culture has been an underground phenomenon, completely content wallowing in its own sick and twisted aesthetic. Existing solely on the fringe outside the bounds of established norms, skateboard art and culture is quickly becoming a hot ticket in the art market. Some of the pro-skaters who create their own graphics are celebrated as fine artists. Neil Blender, who created dozens of immensely popular graphics as a top pro for Gordon & Smith in the mid-80's, gave up the pro circuit to pursue his artwork. His whimsical and eccentric expressionist style can be seen on several Alien Workshop decks and CD jacket art for the band Dimmu Borgir. Skate oriented art has even

Clockwise from top left: Bruce Martin with a few decks from his collection; Curt Johnson, Steve Cabellero for Powell/Peralta, 1981; Wes Humpsten art & model for Dogtown, 1978; One of the first skate graphics, Fifteen Tons for Nash, 1965; The oldest board (metal wheels) in Bruce's collection; Voodoo, 1961. All photos by Wendy Wilhite.



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